ON THE BEACH.

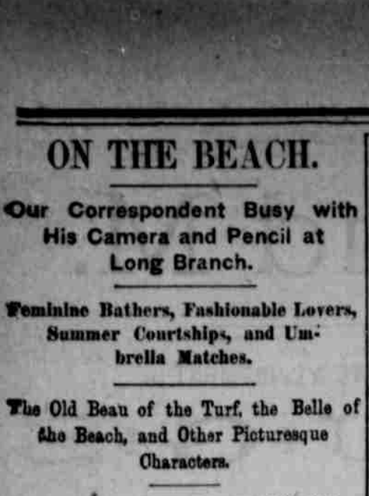
Our Correspondent Busy with His Camera and Pencil at Long Branch.

Feminine Bathers, Fashionable Lovers, Summer Courtships, and Umbrella Matches.

The Old Beau of the Turf, the Belle of the Beach, and Other Picturesque Characters.

LONG BRANCH, July, 1888.

It seemed to your correspondent as though an instantaneous camera, with which to photograph some of the sights of the beach, might beat a pencil in the making of sketches for this letter, and so the experiment was tried, but only with a kind of success in the first instance. Submitting the lens to the inducements of beauty, one of the earliest of the belles at this great seaside resort was focused without her knowing it. The accompanying drawing shows how she was caught in an agreeably graceful pose, as she sat gazing seaward, with one hand holding to her wind-blown hat. She was aware of the general fact, of course, that she was a handsome young woman, but she had no idea at that instant that a flash of light let into a detective



camera was making a portrait of her. No complaint can be made of the result. Then why do I qualify the assertion that this first attempt in Long Branch photography was a success? Only because of the dialogue that ensued.

"Ah, how d'ye do," said an obtrusively, jovial and forcedly vivacious voice, coming from a man whom I recollected as a theatrical agent. "You're photographing her, eh?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I was trying whether I could get a picture worth engraving."

"All right—all right—but if your shotgun of a camera missed the target just let me know, and I will show you twenty-seven different photographs of her. Who is she? Why, she is——" And then he went on to name her as an actress whom he was promoting for a tour next season, and as to whom he went into a quarter of an hour of extravagant laudation.

All of which seems to prove that the professional actress can outdo her fair sisters in private life in focusing the eye of admiration, even when she is off the stage, and pretending to be careless of her poses.

There is one kind of person at Long Branch who doesn't alter with season after season's changes of fashion. He is the old beau of the turf, and I managed to fix my lens on a good specimen as he stood talking with a belle of the veranda. Considered as a fashion plate, the girl was edited and amended right up to date, and the contrast between

her and the many-seasoned fellow was therefore great. His bald head, with its remnant of hair brushed straight forward from the back, parting nearly to the corners of his eyebrows, was uncovered by his polite removal of his black-banded high white hat. He carried a cane, and his patent-leather shoes were topped by white canvas overgaiters. But his chief characteristic, and one which he had maintained annually, according to my recollection, for not less than fifteen years, was a frock coat of so light a drab that it was almost white. This garment was buttoned closely from his wishbone to below the level of his hips, and it set off his tall, straight figure admirably. He was an early arrival from the coterie of sportsmen who keep the Monmouth Park horse races going from the Fourth of July to the end of the season, and who augment their gambling on the turf by spending most of their evenings in the gorgeous club houses of the Branch. The two palaces of chance hitherto famous for their splendors at this resort have now a rival in a third and equally pretentious concern, and so Long Branch becomes more than ever before the Monte Carlo of America. The ancient beau had just had his first go at faro in one of these resplendent dens, and his luck had been pretty good.

"He told me that he had won five hundred dollars," said the belle a few minutes after-

ward, "and I was awfully glad that it hadn't been a thousand."

"And why?" was asked.

"Oh, because he smiled over five hundred, and a thousand would surely have made him laugh outright. Now his smile had only seven teeth in it, and what a sight his mouth must be when laughing."

Dudes of sixty may as well take it for granted that girls' words and thoughts are at a wide variance when blandly, deferentially conversing with them.

I presume that any sensitive camera, if fixed to turn on a pivot and provided with a magnet, would automatically fix its glass

eye upon the first feminine bather in sight. As usual, the earliest of the season's frequenters of the surf are the most pronounced in style. The first July proof of this fact is a shapely creature who exposes her face and arms to sun, water, and the gaze of spectators, and who will quickly be so scorched by the elements, if not by the criticisms of observers, that she would have to extend her sleeves to her wrists and cover her head with a wide-brimmed hat. Her only rival in audacity thus far is a young woman whose bathing costume is of conventionally loose ugliness, but who wears in seemingly acute modesty draperies that reach to her ankles; but at that point a pair of bangles jingle as she walks, and on each great toe is a finger ring. Need I say that such eccentricity is the rare exception, and that generally Long Branch bathers are much more decorous in garb and conduct than the average at seaside resorts.

Even in a business way, however, it seems to be at this summer capital of frivolity the thing to practice the very latest fads. One of the second-sized hotels is filling up faster than usual, and with a higher grade of social pretentiousness. Three or four swell families have already arrived, and the landlord tells me that more are to follow.

"And I can tell you why," said an expert. "His clerk caught on to the fact that the very newest notion in stationery was an envelope with a flap so arranged that it fastened just under the corner upon which the postage stamp was placed, and thus it closed the letter without any gumming or sealing. The use of these envelopes had not extended beyond Fifth avenue, where they had only been in vogue a month or so. The clerk suggested that the season's circulars for the

hotel be sent out in such envelopes. That was done, and it is a positive fact that not less than eight or ten rich families, who were undecided which hotel to go to, were brought to a decision by that trivial device."

It is a fair estimate that of all the marriages in wealthy circles seventy-five per cent. are the result of summer courtship. A saunter through the parlors, verandas and grounds of any Long Branch hotel will yield evidence enough to support these figures. If the ciphering be restricted to the particular resort it may be added that not less than twenty-five per cent. of the matches are made on the bluff overlooking the sea, and that at least ten per cent. of mutual understandings are effected under umbrellas. There must be something of the ostrich in the fashionable lover, for he seems to imagine that an umbrella held pretty well down in front over the faces of the cooing pair will hide them from observation; but he forgets that the eyes of curious spectators may make an attack from the rear, and so the camera was able to make the negative from which this sketch of positive courtship is drawn. And this couple may be safely accepted, by the way, as exhibits of neat things in summer young folks. The checked coat of the beau, along with his soft, black hat and its wide white band, is in the extreme of July styles. To the strap across his shoulders hangs a case in which to carry a powerful field glass, with which to scan the ocean for distant crafts. The sailor hat of the belle and her flannel gown are also in obedience to the latest commands of fashion.

But all who come to Long Branch do not belong to the ranks of swelldom. An iron

pier is one of the unfortunate constructions, so far as keeping up the tone of the place is concerned, and excursion boats bring down multitudes of casual and miscellaneous visitors. These invaders are kept out of the first-class hotels, unless they are willing to pay for such shelter by registering for dinner. Otherwise, the more economical take their luncheon baskets to certain booths on the bluff, where they are allowed to eat under shade, provided they quench their thirst, to a reasonable extent, with beer bought on the premises. The Shrewsbury River runs along back of Long Branch on its way to the ocean, and its shore invites excursionists, who come from New York in small steamboats, and who can there find a great variety of diversion, ranging from the innocence of a clam-bake to the wickedness of a secluded gambling hell. As people from the hotels go to the Shrewsbury, also for amusement, curious conglomerations of folks are to be seen. One exclusive sort of young matron discovered, aboard a Shrewsbury steamer, a suit of her own clothes on the person of her maid, who was taking an afternoon out. The mistress did not disclose herself at the time, but she discharged the venturesome handmaid that evening and sent to town for another, stipulating that this one should be at least three sizes bigger or smaller than herself, so that her wardrobe should in future be safe. But she had to sacrifice the particular costume that had been misused because she learned that the girl's sweetheart companion on this occasion, although he had looked genteel enough in a white flannel suit, was a three-card monte man, awaiting the opening of the race season for business, and she declared that she couldn't think of ever again putting on a dress that had been contaminated by such low companionship. She was nothing, if not fastidious.

I judge that there is a fine opening at Long Branch for donkeys. It may be that the over-supply of two-legged ones has created the impression that those on four feet could get no fair show. But this season one lone, long-eared quadruped has been put on the sand of the beach, and he is made to give five-minute rides at 10 cents apiece. His owner and operator multiplies his income by letting three children occupy the beast's back at once, and so he is often seen laden with a considerable section of a picnic. This donkey is what may be called a monopoly at present. KAMERA.

The Art of Kissing.

At the start the average man makes a botch of kissing, writes a New York correspondent. The beauty of a kiss lies in its impulsiveness and its impressibility, nor is it possible to make the first one too brief. There is danger in the attempt to make the initial kiss complete. The girl won't have it. There is too much audacious avarice about it. The thing to do is to go at the fair creature's lips slowly, so as not to frighten her. It is to be expected that she will draw them away from the point of attack; but instead of retreating the thing for heroism to do is to kiss her on some place—on the cheek, the temple, behind the ear or on the hair. A woman's fancies are as branching as the trees of a forest, and, however unsatisfactory to the swain the misplaced kiss may have been, it will, if left to itself, make the recipient wondrous indulgent next time. She will caress the spot where your lips have been, look at the place through a hand-glass and dream of the one who placed it there. When sufficient progress has been made in the love-making to warrant the ideal kiss, take it methodically, with both hands, and the "gentle touch that love can teach." Let the left arm go about—not her neck, to wrinkle a crepe-lisse ruche and muss a 72-cent coiffure, dressed for your special benefit, no doubt—but about her shoulders. Take her chin in the right hand, allowing the three fingers to touch the pretty white throat, holding the face with the thumb and forefinger, which will form a sort of vice for love's conquest. Move her head to one side and a little backward, and approaching so as to make the quartet of lips describe the diameters of an imaginary square, kiss her twice—the second double the length of its very short predecessor. This double kiss is a clew to a man's culture. Only the uncouth, ill-bred lover kisses as he learned to count—by units. The gentleman who has had the good fortune to be born in an atmosphere of refinement makes a duet of his first and final salutation, whatever may be the numerical value of the intermediates. The well-bred girl wants short sharp, snapping kisses, that pop inaudibly, but still that pop. A kiss on the hair is the kiss of a poet; tenderness is implied when the lips press the eyelids; reverence is spoken when the brow is caressed, and protecting love when the cheek is empearled.

Nothing can sanctify a kiss but love, without which the sweetest lips are unsavory and unwholesome.

Invisible Reins.

All our readers may have power if they seek it. But what sort of power? Not the public office which makes conspicuous both their good deeds and their bad ones; not the great wealth which causes the world afoot to doff its cap while the millionaire rolls past and then curse him behind his back. Nay, but they may hold silken invisible reins of influence by which people of all conditions may be turned hither and thither, restrained, urged forward, or controlled

Would you find these invisible reins? There are many to be had; let only two of them be mentioned: One is gentleness. "The power of gentleness," said Henry Martyn, "is irresistible." Is it not true? Look around your group of acquaintances. Whose word has most weight? Whose approval is most sought? Whose way is oftenest followed? Not the blusterer's, not the bold, loud-voiced wrangler's not the positive, unreasoning dogmatist's, but his whose gentle tone, modest opinion of self, quiet manner, willingness to stand back, all point out true wisdom.

But gentleness alone will not do; it is a strong influence, but it needs a counter-rein, lest the guidance be one Its balance is not far to seek. Let the silken rein of gentleness be united with the fine-drawn steel wire of firmness, and you hold in your grasp power which crowned heads might envy.

This is no fancy sketch. We have in mind one who from boyhood has ever exercised the strongest influence in whatever community his lot was cast, and all thoughtful people agree that he owes his position mainly to these two well-adjusted reins, gentleness and firmness; to the fact that, while his speech and behavior to all are gentle and kind and considerate as a tender woman's, his principles in matters great and small are as fixed as is the mountain chain of his native land.

A Modest Doctor.

A physician who had put his professional card into a country paper requested the editor to give him a notice.

"Just sit down there at the desk, Doc, and write out what you want," said the editor.

"Oh, dear, no! I can't write about myself."

"I think you can. Just give me the points if you are too modest to say what you want, and I will throw in the necessary strength."

The Doctor sat down, and after much spluttering produced the following modest piece of work:

"Dr. Abe Collier, whose card we print to-day, is without doubt the finest physician in our city. He is a perfect gentleman, and is one of the best surgeons in our city, if not the best. His charges are reasonable for a man who never loses a case, and we are glad to know that he has refused a lucrative practice in another town in order to remain in our city, where he is so highly esteemed for his skill and gentlemanly qualities. He is not an old man, but he is thoroughly experienced and rarely loses a case. We congratulate the people of our enterprising and beautiful city that he will remain in our city. His office hours are from morning until night when not engaged, and this of itself is an accommodation to the people of our city."—*Ark. Traveler.*

FOR THE LADIES.

A Column or Two of Chat About the Fair Daughters of Eve.

Together with a Few Notes on the Latest Styles in Feminine Attire.

OUR NEW YORK FASHION LETTER.

Nothing in the accounts of the wedding of the beautiful woman who has just married the Duke of Marlborough was more entertaining, in case you examined all of them that appeared in the New York newspapers next morning, than the reporters' attempts to tell the truth, but their masculine ignorance of fashion terms led them astray. Therefore she appeared in print dressed in a variety of colors and shapes, and she must have been immensely vexed by some of the incongruous and unharmonious combinations which the gentlemen of the press concocted for her. A careful examination of these records fails to convince an expert reader as to what she really did wear; but I have very clear recollections of a gown in which I saw her, only a few days prior to her marriage, on a lawn at Tuxedo. I have drawn as exactly as possible from memory the accompanying picture, and it shows that her dress of figured muslin was an example of the newest mode of making gowns altogether of one fabric. During a number of years the fashion has been to compose a dress of several different materials, and this is still the custom; but a few wealthy ladies, who desire to depart from the general run of style, have had their summer frocks made from a single piece of cloth. The only embellishment in these cases is either a little lace here and there, or an enwrapping of sash, such as illustrated in the present instance. But it must be borne in mind that it is only a woman of a naturally distinguished

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

aspect who can afford to do without the decorations essential to meaner personalities. Lily Price-Hamersley, now Duchess of Marlborough, is not only beautiful in face, but she has a tall, shapely, commanding figure, which would enable her to look queenly in the plainest and cheapest garments.

Just a fair specimen of this summer's girls, however, doesn't show any such eccentricity. She chooses styles of dress that are neither extravagant in design nor too commonplace. She may indulge in whims of fancy, but she controls them by good sense as to what is becoming to herself, and what will best command admiration without disclosing a desire in that direction. Red, white and blue are the favorite colors, so far as the resorts close to New York are concerned, but the patriotism implied in this is not apparent on sight, because no more than two of the colors are shown combined in one costume. Fabrics striped in blue and white or red and white are made up into very many of the seashore gowns. This is true of cotton, linen and woolen goods alike. Some of the most showy gowns seen are made of wide diagonal red wool with white plain borders, and others have the ground white with the border in red bars, or as stripes along the selvedge. In other cases blue wool dresses are made up with red blouse vests of India silk. These styles are exaggerated for tennis costumes, and what are called tennis blazers consist of a blouse, skirt and hat to match of striped flannel. White felt hats are also worn with such tennis costumes, and they are of various shapes, such as the alpine, with a narrow, tapering crown, or a low, round crown with a brim turned up around it, or the sailor shape, with a stiff brim. Yachting jackets of white wool are also conspicuous in the summer fashions, and they are worn generally at watering-places for driving in open carriages.

For days of cool weather at the seashore or in the mountains fashion has provided what we call anti-chill wraps, a term of elastic significance, as shown by the accompanying picture. In one case it will be seen the wrap is a loose, flowing mantle, while in the other it has a close-fitting waist to which long, draped skirts are attached. Some of these garments, intended for wet weather, are made of waterproof material, although its impervious quality is not apparent on sight. Capes of this sort are so contrived that they will fold up into very small space, and can even be secured to the pommel of the saddle when riding on horseback, ready for use in case of a shower. By an ingeniously arranged elastic strap in front this little cape buttons down on to the habit, and in this way the wearer is perfectly snug and dry, while it is quite impossible that the cape should get lifted by the wind, or in any way cause the rider the slightest inconvenience. It is thrown on in a moment, and affords complete protection from wind and rain alike.

The summer ball dress not only shows a happy combination of such materials as are described above, but it illustrates exactly the extent to which bustles have been diminished by women who keep up the newest fashions. They really say bustles are going out. Going down may be a more exact way of putting it, for they have been going out, and even up, ever since they were first put on to supplement some woman's spine, and retained to give dressmakers a chance to display grace of drapery at the expense of grace of natural outline. A few extremists have discarded the bustle altogether, especially in wearing the new cotton frocks, and these to be strictly smart must be slinky. During the days of the empire, everything came into the figure, and shall we, by all the rules of fashion, when we have cotton made up after the manner of that time, let it know of the existence of starch? Certainly not. Starch is regarded as a preparation of the enemy, and only the people who don't know use it. But not all of the women can quite afford to make such a radical change. The bustle of moderate dimensions helps many a wearer to attain symmetrical outlines. If you have a good figure, and are erect and graceful in your carriage, you can wear such a bustleless

JUST A FAIR SPECIMEN.

gown with impunity but not otherwise. "I am afraid," said Selina Delaro, the actress, "that a good many of us will have to weep, because wearing bustles has made the wearing of them more or less of a necessity. If you are of a mind to do something more effective than is weeping (making your nose red won't help your back), put a big book on the top of your head, a-kimbo your arms, elbows back, palms of hands well back on the hips, and try lifting yourself slowly on your toes and back again, with feet close together. In order to do this with any success at all your muscles will instinctively adjust themselves as they should be, and if you keep up the practice long enough you may get into your princess-gown by the time princess-gowns come back, without looking like a convex bracket."

Nowhere are the contrasts of dress more striking than at Coney Island, where rich and poor children go for pleasure, and can hardly be kept entirely apart. The sight of a pampered little girl, clad in the extreme of juvenile fashion, being viewed with bulging eyes by another little girl in the cheapest and commonest of raiment, struck me so forcibly that I sketched it. We grown-up people can understand how it comes about that some of us can dress fashionably while others can't,

ANTI-CHILL CLOAKS.

but to childish minds it must be considerable of a mystery.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Stylish Sunshades.

Dress goods are bought and sold under gaslight; bonnets are purchased before a hat-glass, and now there are large pier glasses in every well-regulated shop where parasols are sold. One firm on Wabash avenue has the inside doors of the cases in which the stock is kept paneled with plate-glass. When the umbrella is opened the buyer does not look at it; she puts it over her head, or inclines the shade across her shoulder, and looks into the mirror to see the effect. Heretofore parasols were purchased on a shopping tour. The proper thing now is to make a complete toilet, drive to the shop, and study the effect of color and design on the hat and dress, as well as the complexion. The philosophy of this will be seen at once, for it often happens that an impertinent sun umbrella will kill an entire outfit. Take a busy day, and it is a study to watch a crowd of ladies standing between a pair of mirrors whirling simultaneously, fore and aft, red, blue, brown, green, figured, checked, and lace-covered sunshades, a new-comer standing ready to take the place slowly vacated by a deliberate buyer.

Two especially beautiful designs were seen yesterday in a Wabash avenue shop en route for a well-known lady's home in Kenwood. The coaching shade, of white silk, mounted on a palm-wood stick with silver handle, was trimmed with white pont d'esprit caught up in garland loops, after the festoons in the court of Louis XVI. The second had a lining of changeable silk bordering on olive and pomegranate. For a covering long grass of India growth in the brown green, and autumn shades of red, being woven about the end of the stick and tacked about the covering. Seen closed, one would take it to be a sheaf of late hay, but opened, with the strong, crisp, fragrant grasses falling about the edge and rustling like reeds, with the silk lining changing to duplicate the tints of green and sunburnt red, charming, picturesque, and rural are the only words that can do justice to the shade.

ROUND capes are worn again.

A Strange Breed of Cattle.

A strange breed of wild cattle is found in the high hills skirting the Umpqua valley, Oregon, says a letter in the Boston *Transcript*. In the mountains, near Riddles and Rosebud, they are probably most plentiful, but they do not venture down in the valley much. They stay on the hills, and get water from the living springs which rise there. For the most part they are concealed in the dense growth of oak and fir in these mountains. There is heavy underbrush, too, so that it is a hard matter to get them. They go in bands of six or eight usually, but at night a herd of forty or fifty get together and lie down in the same yard—that is, they sleep in the same spot, which is usually a secluded place among the trees. A band of wild cattle have been known to get together on a cleared place like this every night for a couple of years. "When feeding, there are always a few bulls to act as sentinels. While the cattle graze in bands of half a dozen or so, they are, nevertheless, close to other bands, so that an alarm from any one of the bulls, which leisurely feed on higher ground, they all run away together. The cattle are all colors and wilder than deer. It is a hard matter to get a shot at them, for the reason that their scent is so keen. They can smell a man a long distance off. They got wild in 1853, when the old man Riddles and two or three others of the old settlers came to the valley. Their cow wandered off, and could not be found. After two or three years, all the pioneers had to do when they wanted beef was to rig out two or three pack animals and go up into the mountains. The cattle had to be killed on sight, the same as bear or deer, for they could no more be driven down than deer could. Once killed, they were quartered, packed on the horses, and carried down. They have been hunted a good deal of late years, so that there are not so many as there used to be. A peculiarity about these cattle is that their eyes and horns are jet black. The retina, iris, and the whole apple of the eye are one mass of black. You can't distinguish any difference in any part of it. The horns, too, while being black as ink, are long and sharp. Brought to bay, the Oregon wild cattle are very wicked fighters.

The Pay-Rolls of Congress.

There is one bill which, when it is introduced into the Senate and House of Representatives, is always sure of prompt passage. It is the one which provides for the expenses of Congress.

There are just 401 members of the House and of the Senate, and to wait upon them and run errands, and hold open the doors as they pass in and out, and carry the cards of their callers and take care of the thousands of bills they put in, they have employed about 400 people, who are paid the snug little sum of $684,000 for doing so. Fact. Every member has one employe, and for the service of the same there is paid an average of about $1,800 each. The snug little sum of $380,000 is required to pay the salaries of the Senators, and for the compensation of the members of the House $1,695,000 has to be provided, and this brings the salaries of our national lawmakers to a total of over $2,000,000 per year.

It costs a little less than $150,000 per session to pay the mileage of the members, and the country pays $50,000 to purchase the stationery for members and officers of the House alone in any one session. The Treasury pays $52,000 for reporting the debates, whether Congress sits for one month or for twelve, as the official reporter, like most of the clerks, are paid by the year, though they seldom do more than twelve months' work in the twenty-four months that make up a Congressional term. Right here is where the political workers come in; over $150,000 is appropriated for clerks to committees, who have about the snuggest places in Washington. One day's time each week would in all fairness suffice for the performance of their duties, and that only when Congress is in session. When the adjournment takes place the good clerks go home, and at the first of every month the Sergeant-at-Arms forwards a check for the salary due him, just the same as if he were engaged in the Government service every working day in the year. It requires $684,000 to keep up the annual pay-roll of the officers, clerks, and messengers that stand about under the dome of the Capitol to do the bidding of our 401 working Congressmen.—*New York Graphic.*

The Great Wealth of Alaska.

A prominent furrier of New York recently said to a *Mail and Express* reporter: "No one will ever be able to tell the real wealth of Alaska. It consists of the abundance of its skinned animals. The Russians used to value the country for its furs, and it was mainly for the furs that this country acquired it from Russia. The trade has grown very much since its annexation to this country. The shipments of sea otter and fur sealskins alone have more than doubled during the past ten years, and now averages annually $1,500,000 in value. The list of furs produced in that part of the country is a long one. The land furs comprise otter, beaver, brown bear, black bear, red fox, silver fox, blue and white fox, mink, martin, polar bear, lynx, and muskrat. Rabbits, marmots, and wolverines are also common, but their skins are retained by the natives. The annual value of the furs, sea and land, now obtained from Alaska is estimated to average over $3,000,000, and there is no sign of decrease in the yield. The competition of the traders for skins has stimulated the natives to greater industry in hunting, and the prices now paid to the hunters are from four to ten times more than were current during the Russian rule."

Thoughts for the Family.

First convict—It's all fixed, Jim, and to-night we can make our escape.

Second convict—I've been thinking the matter over, Erastus, and I have changed my mind. I shall not go.

First convict—What's wrong?

Second convict—I cannot consent to compromise my family by any such step.—*New York Mail and Express.*